Numb. 29.

Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Auguſt the 16th. 1681.

Earn. HA! *Bootatus, & Spurratus, & paratus ad ridendum,* you will Tantivy then out of Town I find.

Jeſt. Why, truly my mouth hangs Countrey-faſhion wonderfully, I am almoſt choak'd up with *Whig*, and have a mind to ſee if the Air be any thing clearer in its pure Naturals.

Earn. I proteſt I almoſt Envy you, for here is ſuch a continual Fog of Sea-coal, and the more ſulphureous breath of the *Bromidghams*, whoſe mouths are the Chimneys to their hearts, which like *Mon-Gibel* are continually on fire, that they who have been uſed to the pure Air of Loyalty are almoſt ready to be ſtifled.

Jeſt. Well, before we part, let's have one ſtirrup Cup of *Character*, its the only modiſh Liquor now; the *Bromidghams* are ſo drunk with the *Character of Tory*, that they can hardly ſpeak a plain word.

Earn. Wee'l give them a little Julep of *Whig* to cool their brains and their Courage.

Jeſt. Well then; a *true* blew right *Bromidgham Whig*, is a certain kind of Antimonarchical Animal, *parti per pale*, Proteſtant, Jew, Turk and Pagan, the ſon of a Club, where the Popes Toe, the cloven Foot, and *Mahomet*'s Pigeon and about a hundred Fathers more, beſides comers and goers had to do with his Mother the common Jilt, ycleped the *Good Old Cauſe*.

Earn. He has the Head of a Jeſuit, and ſhall outwit, out-plot, out-ſwear, out-Equivocate, and outface the whole Society.

Jeſt. He has the Heart of a Jew, only ſomething harder.

Earn. And the hands of a Turk, like whom he will fight for the *Alchoran* of his *Solemn League and Covenant*.

Jeſt. He has the Eye of a *Baſilisk*.

Earn. And the Poyſon too, for his breath is mortal.

Jeſt. He has the Tooth of an *Aſp*.

Earn. The Voice of a Lamb.

Jeſt. But the Jaws of a Wolf.

Earn. And his name is *Legion*.

Jeſt. You may know him from a thouſand, by a particular itch which he is always clawing, of his Ears after Novelties, and his Fingers ends at Rebellion.

Earn. For his Religion, it is like *Joſeph*'s Coat of many colours dip'd in blood.

Jeſt. And for the propagation of it, he thinks no Arguments ſo proper as thoſe of the Field-Conventicles, where the Major is a Bandeleer and brace of bullets from the muzzle; the Minor, the Categorical But-end of the Muſquet; and the concluſion is, beating Religion into mens Heads, by firſt beating out their Brains, to make room for it.

Earn. He thinks *Alexander*'s way of determining knotty differences in Religion, the ſhorteſt cut, and that the *Spirit of the Sword* is far better Chriſtian Armor than the *Sword of the Spirit*.

Jeſt. He is poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of Contradiction, and if other men go to Heaven upon their Feet, he will go ſome whither elſe upon his Head.

Earn. He ſpits fire at the Court and the Miniſters of State, and like the Boy, cries, *Box it about, it will come to my Father anon.*

Jeſt. He calls all thoſe he fears or hates *Papiſts*, and yet hugs *Popery*; for he hates the *Oath of Supremacy*, and abhors nothing more, than abhorring the Traiterous Poſition of taking up Arms upon any pretence againſt the King and thoſe commiſſionated by him.

Earn. He dotes upon *Toleration*, thinks S. *Peter*'s diſpenſation, *Ariſe* Peter, *ſlay and eat*, the beſt ground of it, and that nothing in Religion is to be counted *common* or *unclean*, but the *Common Prayer*.

Jeſt. He is continually frighting others with the danger of Slavery and Arbitrary Government: and yet is of the moſt arbitrary Principles himſelf, and would under the pretence of Liberty of his own Conſcience, make all other men Slaves to his Will; and were he in Power again, he would take to him ſeven Spirits more wicked than himſelf if to be found; and over-turn Laws, Liberty, Property, and Religion; his Sword would be his *Magna Charta*, and his Will which he calls *Conſcience*, the *Petition of Right*, he would draw, hang, quarter, tax, plunder, fine, impriſon, and baniſh for *Conſcience ſake*.

Earn. He tells the people, "He is affraid every "night he goes to bed, his throat will be cut before "morning.

Jeſt. He might ee'n ſit up and be hang'd and watch it then; but for all his fear, he goes to bed, and if he be not belied, ſleeps comfortably in the Arms and the Charms of a holy Siſter.

Earn. He calls a Houſe of Commons the *Parliament*, and threatens every body that contradict him, with having them before the *Parliament*.

Jeſt. The King and Lords, eſpecially Biſhops, ſtand with him but for Cyphers, and if he durſt, he would tell you, he hath taken the Engagement and likes that Government beſt to which he *then ſwore* to be true, without King or Houſe of Lords: and

yet

yet for all his even adoration of a House of Commons and the name of *Parliament*, he makes no more of breaking Acts of Parliaments, than if they were like Promises and Pie-crust made to be broken.

Earn. He calls all the Kings Loyal Friends *French Pensioners* and *betrayers of their Countrey*; while at the same time he is drudging as hard as he can, by persuading the Nation not to trust the King, or part with a penny of money, to betray not only *Flanders*, and the rest of *Europe*, but *England* too, into the hands of the *French*.

Jest. Nay, if he be not himself a Pensioner to sell us, he is the greater Villain to give us away, and get nothing but his own Revenge by the bargain, holding our hands, while another runs us thorough: and setting fire to our House, to prevent our helping to quench our Neighbour's.

Earn. He is ready to split his throat with crying out against Persecution, and disuniting Protestants; yet his whole Employ is to persecute the Church of *England*, to widen the Breaches, and by assuming to himself the name of only *True Protestant*, and making all others *Papists*, to make the wound incurable, and the Union impossible.

Jest. He hates Scarlet, because he fears the Judges who wear it; but more particularly, because it puts him in mind of his sins of that Dye, and the blood of *Strafford*, *Canterbury*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*, and some hundred thousands more; besides that of his murthered Sovereign, with which his hands and his Conscience, either as an Actor or approver, are indelibly tinctur'd.

Earn. The great Affair upon his hand at present is, to cry out of *Sham-plots*; and to out-brazen the belief of *a Conspiracy of the Godly to seize the King*, &c.

Jest. And to vindicate the right Honourable the E. of *Shaftsbury*, by employing all the Ballad-singers in the Town, to go balling about the streets,

But Heaven I hope will for ever be kind
To Shaftsbury, *though he's to Prison confin'd.*

Earn. And yet he inwardly trembles at the approaching 17th of *Aug.* as at the day of Doom, and though he knows he shall be there apparently convicted, yet hee seems to pluck up a good heart and sets the best foot forward; in hopes he shall still persuade the People to believe only what he pleases.

Jest. And therefore like a *true Hocus*, he casts all the mists he can before mens Eyes, knowing that if all his Tricks, Juggles, Wheedles, and Intrigues come to be discovered, after all this Dance he has led the Nation, he must at last come to pay the Piper himself.

Earn. The Loyal Addresses are at present his greatest Grievance, which he takes a world of pains to persuade People, signifie not a farthing; and yet by taking such pains gives himself the lye; and knows that it is, *vox vere Anglorum*, and that they strike him under the fifth Rib, when they promise to stand by the King with their Lives and Fortunes against all undermining *Plots* of *Papists* and *Fanaticks*, of which he knows himself deeply guilty.

Jest. Come, let us make quick work on't. A *Whig* is the Ague of the State, which nothing can cure but a swinging dose of *Jesuits* Pouder given by Dr. *T*——. *secundum Artem.*

Earn. Hold, Hold. He seems to long for a Parliament, but had rather be without one than not have it by Petitioning; thereby to intrench upon the King's Prerogative, of having the sole power of calling, &c. and to rob the King of the good Opinion of his Subjects, as either wanting the Wisdom, vigilance or goodness to his People which Mr. *Whig* possesses.

Jest. Well! we shall never ha' done with him I think. He is the greatest Grievance of the Nation, the Common incendiary between the Court and Countrey, the Enemy of Peace, the bellows of Sedition, the Forge of Lyes, Calumnies and Detraction against the Established Government, the Anvil of Disturbance, and the Hammer of Persecution against the most Apostolical Church in the World: he is the Tinker of Reformation, makes two holes to mend one, the Blacksmith of the State always a world of Irons in the fire, till some of them burn his Fingers.

Earn. He is a peevish, malicious, Envious, discontented busie, uneasie to himself and all the World, restless, ill-natur'd, conceited, revengeful *French* Thing; who reads not as he writes, for he writes *Protestant* and reads *Papist*; writes not as he speaks; for he writes *Sedition*, yet speaks himself *Loyal*; and speaks not as he thinks, for he knows himself *guilty* of all this and more, yet speaks himself a *Saint*.

Jest. In a word, if he be not a Hog, he is as like a Hog, as ever you saw in your life, he is always a Rooter, whining, and grunting, and grumbling when he is not touch'd, and squealing out of Persecution, if the Law puts a ring in his Snout to keep him from doing mischief.

Earn. Nay, he is worse than a Hog, for a Hog when he is hang'd and soundly smoak'd, will make good Bacon; and that's more than Mr. *Whig* will do.

Jest. Nay, you cannot tell that neither, for I think *Quevedo* in his Visions says, he observed old *Nick*'s Kitchin was hung about with Whigs, who in that Countrey are served up for pure Westphalia, and there wee'l leave him.

Earn. Have you seen the Apprentices Petition for a Parliament?

Jest. Yes, but they say it was overlaid and smother'd at Nurse, and so is never like to set up, *or be in hourly fear of having its House fired, and losing its All*, as the Boys were taught to speak.

Earn. The Lads began to be too bold for Striplings, to tell my L. Mayor, *that to gratulate any* (as suppose the King or so) *for giving their Reasons for any Act, is a tacit Gratulation for the Acts so defended.*

Jest. To see now, to what an improvement Whiggism advances a meer Boy in a moment! it makes him as wise as *Solomon* I warrant ye.

Earn. Ay, a Boy that has but made the Shop of a *Whig* and his Masters shooes clean, and carried his Mrs's Bible to the Tickling-house, she being too proud to do it her self, can tell better than the King when to call a Parliament, how to preserve his Majesties Person and Government; knows ye all the Laws and Statues of the Realm, can inform my L. Mayor, *that Common Councils or Common Halls are by Act of Parliament impowered for such things:*

Jest. Come, the times will better when they mend; *Jos. Evans* has but a sorry bargain in printing this Petition: Sir, will you give my service to all of our Club.

Earn. A good Journey to you, and a quick return.

Jest. Not more haste than good speed, I may see *Oxon* first for any thing I know, and see how Mr. *Colledg* will behave himself, and so God speed you.

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